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Long have the billows beat thee, long the
 flood
 Rush'd o'er thy pillar'd rocks, ere life a-
 dorn'd
 Thy broken surface, ere the yellow moss,
 Had tinted thee, or the soft dew of
 Heaven
 Crown'd thee with verdure, or the eagles
 made
 Thy caves then any——
 So in after time
 Long shalt thou rest unalter'd 'midst' the
 wreck
 Of all the mightiness of human works.
 For not the lightning, nor the whirlwind's
 force,
 Nor all the waves of ocean shall prevail
 Against thy giant strength, and thou
 shalt stand
 'Till that almighty voice which bade thee
 rise
 Shall bid thee fall.

TO PLEISKIN ;

THE billows break around thee, and thy
 tints
 Enrich the bosom of the Ocean-wave ;
 Wild is thy broken outline, where the
 curve
 Of varied beauty, and the abrupt sublime,
 Impress a mingled feeling. The wild storm
 That whitens thy foundations, troubles not
 Even with its lightest spray, its top-most
 crag,
 Such is thy loveliness, thy Giant form
 Supreme ; thy majesty ; yet still enhanc'd
 By wondrous semblances, closely allied
 To perfect art ; displaying such design
 As kindled in the great creative mind
 Of him whose genius warm in life and
 power,
 From all the elements that nature gave,
 Of grand or lovely, with the nicest skill
 Selective, those that blend in harmony,
 And raised as if by the magician's art,
 The gothic pile, magnificent and chaste
 In any lightness, yet unrival'd strength,
 Beauteous in parts, majestic as a whole.
 Pleiskin ! the fancy awakens as the sense
 Glows at thy noble features, and the mind
 Is carried back to those remote times,
 When superstition imaged in his power
 *The Danish King, with more than mortal
 strength,

* The author is mistaken in calling the person, to whom this fabled exploit is attributed, *the Danish King*. The pretensions of the renowned Fingal to this honour are undisputed in Ireland, every peasant, there, knowing that the giant Fin MacCulhal, or MacCool (the common name of Fingal) erected the stupendous fabric here alluded to, and that Fin MacCool was an Irish giant, we hope the author will not deny, or at least that he will not be so imprudent as to dispute the fact with the peasants afore said.

With more than mortal attributes endow-
 ed ;
 Whose mighty feet, dashed back the
 foamy sea,
 Whose mighty arm uprear'd the pillar'd
 rocks,
 And fixed the everlasting boundary
 Of Eam's lovely Isle.

ODE TO IDLENESS.

GODDESS of Ease, leave Lethe's brink,
 Obsequious to the Muse and me,
 For once endure the pain to think,
 Oh sweet insensibility !
 Sister of Ease and Indolence,
 Thou Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
 Elaborately void of sense,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.
 Beneath some ozier's dusky shade,
 There let me sleep away dull hours,
 And underneath let Flora spread,
 A sofa of her sweetest flowers.
 Whilst Philomel her notes shall breathe
 Forth from the neighbouring pine,
 And murmurs from the stream beneath
 Shall flow in unison with thine.
 For thee, O Idleness, the woes
 Of life we patiently endure,
 Thou art the source whence labour flows,
 We shun thee, but to make thee sure.
 For who'd endure War's storm and blast,
 Or the hoarse thundering of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee. A.

AN ELEGY.

IN these fair climes where summer's gen-
 tle gales,
 Shake sweetest odours from their dewy
 plumes,
 Silent I ramble thro' the lonely vales
 When pensive evening brings her twilight
 glooms.
 Where'er I turn, I gaze with mute sur-
 prise,
 Here careless nature sports in every part,
 Unzones her beauties to admiring eyes,
 And with new transport thrills th' insatiate
 heart.
 Here silver streamlets glitter thro' the
 grove,
 And softly murmur as they pour along ;
 From tree to tree the feathered songsters
 rove,
 And the sweet woodlark thrills her eve-
 ning song.

But can the view of Nature's beauties
 please
 The eye where tears so long are wont to
 flow?
 Or can the wildest, sweetest wood-notes
 ease,
 The heart that bleeds with long-remem-
 ber'd woe?
 They cannot heal: yet they can charm
 awhile,
 And give the care-worn heart a short relief,
 We gaze, we listen, we consent to smile,
 For feeling bosoms taste a joy in grief.
 Yes! there are moments dear to feeling
 minds,
 When Memory bids the tide of rapture
 flow
 Breathing their whispered fancies to the
 winds,
 They smile in sorrow and rejoice in woe.
 Ev'n I, who absent from my native plains
 Am doom'd forlorn o'er distant lands to
 roam,
 Impell'd by fate to cross the trackless
 main,
 And seek of strangers an uncertain home,
 Am not unblest; for fancy still supplies,
 Some sweet relief to soothe my bosom's
 woe,
 And whilst I wipe the tear drops from mine
 eyes
 I half believe that 'tis for joy they flow.
 Remembrance shews those hours for ever
 fled,
 When youthful hope improved each dis-
 tant view,
 Entwin'd her choicest garland round my
 head,
 And smiled on all that busy Fancy drew.
 Her magic smiles o'ercame my untried
 eyes,
 Her sweetly waibled strains entranced
 my ear,
 Perfidious friend! she gave me ceaseless
 sighs
 And for my only solace, gave a tear.

HENRY,

LORD ELLESMERE.*

SOUND thy horn my bonny boy blue,
 Sound it mellow and clear,
 The morning breaks and wet is the dew,
 And I'll up and hunt the deer.
 "Oh! do not, do not," cries Eleanor fair
 The wife of the lord Ellesmere,
 "Oh do not my love for I cannot bear,
 That thou should'st hunt the deer.

*This little poem was written after reading
 some sentimental poetry to show how easily the af-
 fection of sentimentality and its smooth language
 may be unmasked and ridiculed.

For I have read that the stag, when
 sorely press'd,
 And stuck with the hunter's spear,
 Heaves piteous groans from his anxious
 breast,
 And rolls down the big round tear.

Then promise me, love, that you won't
 oppress,
 So forlorn and so timid a foe—
 Poor thing, abandon'd by friends in dis-
 tress.

Would you aggravate his woe?"

"I will not, my treasure, the stag pursue,
 Thou pattern of pity so rare,
 But sound thy horn my bonny boy blue,
 For I'll up and hunt the hare."

"Oh! do not, do not," cries Eleanor fair,
 The wife of the lord Ellesmere,
 "But list to the tale of a hunted hare—
 'Twill beguile thee, love, of a tear."

One day as I sat by the river's brink
 A hare ran panting by,
 She stopped, she trembled, she tried to
 drink—

While she listened the hunters' cry.

The hunters approached, and the dogs
 were nigh,

The poor hare with terror oppress'd,
 Upturn'd her dim imploring eye—
 I snatched her up in my breast—

And I bore her away from the dogs so
 fell,

And the dogs were at fault till eve,
 And I heard you storm, but I knew full
 well

That my love would his Ellen forgive.

And I soothed her, and fed her, and made
 her a bed,

And she's grown so tame and so free,
 That she comes and eats from my hand
 the bread,

Come puss, let your master see.

Poor Puss! he will not hurt thee now,
 He will not for Ellen's sake—

Thou shalt never be hurt, I have made a
 vow,

And that vow my love will not break.

"No! by my soul," cried Ellesmere,
 And he kissed her cheek so fair,

And he dropped on that cheek a gentle
 tear,

And he patted the hunted hare."

"Then sound thy horn my bonny boy blue,
 Against the fox and the wolf prepare,
 For thy sake I never again will pursue
 Thy favorites the deer and the hare."